

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## What March Suggests and Some of the Things She Does

The influx of March always suggests the presence on the scene of a boyishish Blowzeland, with her streaming hair blowing about her face and her eyes aflame with clin-laughter. The rough or boisterous mouth of the Saxons and the windy month of the French calendar, March has also been accepted as the month of lengthening days, and often of gorgeous, if stormy sunsets.

Spenser, in "The Shepherd's Calendar," writes:

"Sweet is my toil when Blowzeland is near,  
Of her benefit 'tis winter all the year.  
Come, Blowzeland, ease thy swain's desire,  
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire."

Richmond people who had last week the pleasure of looking at a wonderful March picture of the snow-clad trees in the Capitol Square, with the lights gleaming through their delicate tracery here and there like golden stars, felt that the month of moods might be forgiven much for having held before them a canvas of such rare, if transient, value.

The daffodils of Shakespeare, the flowers of Persephone and the anemones of the Elysian meadows; the snow-drops, crocuses and hardy hyacinths, have already broken soil in out-of-doors garden borders. Those who have gardens in which to work and watch the answer of the year's promise to the March call, are rejoicing that the vivid color of the bleeding heart, that frail but lovely blossom of poetic fancy, will be painted for them afresh before the quickening work of the month is complete.

March has the Roman war god as patron deity, and is named for him, but is personified as a tomboy and a woman. Perhaps that is the reason why she is windy enough to generally throw dust in the eyes of humanity. Such an occupation has been considered especially womanly since a long ago March, when Eve practiced it in the Garden of Eden. The March winds have, moreover, a higher duty than that of dust throwing. They bear a message of reinvigoration. They pry into hidden corners and behind closed doors, blow away fustiness and cobwebs, blow in freshness and the promise of life at high tide.

March belongs to an unafraid, progressive type. She does not drape her form with any veil of mystery or allurements. Her eyes are alert, not cast down, and her step full of buoyancy and wild grace. She is certainly not a prude, and yet, she elects to deck herself with a breast knot of wild violets and to choose as her own the chiest and most maidenly flower that blows. In the matter of gems she is more consistent, for her flowers are bound together with a great bloodstone or jasper holder, and the clasp of her fillet gleams with the same jewels, the symbols of Mars.

Being a woman and a gipsy in one, it is not so strange that March is as fickle a light of love, as any whose recorded annals have made them famous. Nevertheless her gusts of passion alternate with delightful humor. Her petulant tears fill her eyes, even while smiles curve her red lips, and her caprices are the inspiration as well as the despair of those who play the game with her and take her, but let us as good naturedly as her caprices.

One charm of the month that goes always gipsying is the unexpectedness of her. Where her subtlety and softness have most beguiled, there is she aptest to sting and mock. To those who trust her not and are always severely on their guard, she reveals herself in an irresistible mingling of fire and softness. Those who bespeak her fairest are oftenest flouted for their pains. Those who pass her by without a greeting are fairly entranced.

She is a month of bitter softness. Her tang, though stinging, is wholesome, and underlying all her whimsicality, there is an absence of malice and a heaven of directness that atones for much else that cannot be counted in a rumble, feminine thing. Her call rings through the trumpet, clear and high in its fluting, and those who listen may hear it saying: "Follow me, if you dare." Up hill and down her fleet step speeds. To many others the gipsy March is a delight, for March is chary of confidences, and those who win them, must prove by their attitude their entitlement to hear what she has to say.

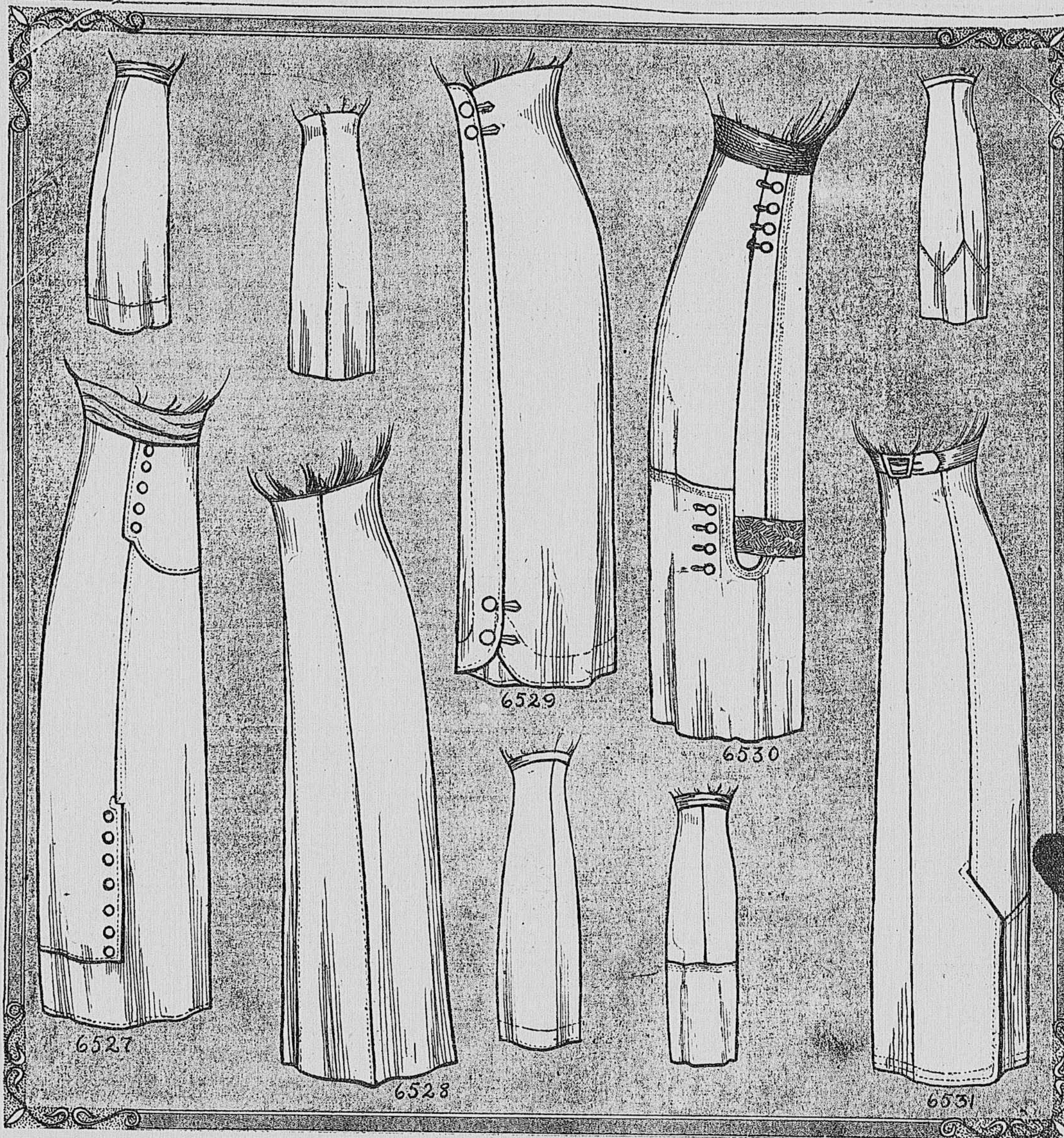
### VIRGINIA WESSTOVER.

**To Women Householders.**  
There is much to interest women in an article which the March Craftsman contains regarding the value of the brick house in permanent architecture. The attention of women readers is especially called to these paragraphs of the article:

"From a practical point of view the brick house is an excellent investment. Well constructed at the start, it needs very little repair and has the advantage of becoming more beautiful from year to year instead of increasingly shabby, as is the case with many of our wooden structures; generally the case where the houses are painted instead of being oiled. And if one stops to think of it, what an invariable as well as unfriendly thing it is to paint a house over from time to time in quite a new and different color. How can we hope for tender associations about a dwelling that is green one spring and red another and yellow a third; that from year to year has a different face for us, and seems to be striving in a crude way to keep in fashion? What would we think of a friend who came to us one season as a blonde, and the next as a brunette, and then suddenly started to us as we were trying to form some sweet tie of association, in the guise of a striking Venetian type, all red and gold and orange? No sense of affection can spring in your heart for the house that does not grow old beautifully, that does not hold the same friendly aspect from year to year, changing only as the hand of time is laid upon it. We want to find in our houses what we seek in our friendships, an unchanging quality, a welcome and a surety of peace and comfort."

"The great difficulty in America has been that we have built temporary houses to live in until we should grow rich enough to afford luxurious dwellings. So instead of homes we have had, scattered throughout the country, places which we were waiting to move from, inartistic, unpermanent, destructive to all home feeling. We have not built for ourselves, or for posterity, but just to house ourselves until the boom struck our town. But at last we are seeking for homes, even beginning to build them."

Learned during this period that good intentions are valueless in this spring and red another and yellow a third, and the ability to act swiftly and quietly are requisites. I learned too that the quality most needed to make a successful nurse is patience, and again patience, and again patience. "I learned also during this period that, in spite of all its trials, hardships, exactions, in spite of all the weariness and discouragement, the life is full of interest, rich in opportunities for service."



PRACTICAL SKIRTS FOR SPRING.

L'Art de la Mode.

## The Training of the Trained Nurse

Mary Minor Lewis has an illuminating article on trained nurses and nursing in the March Housekeeper that must be of value to every woman, whether she contemplates entering the profession or not.

Miss Lewis says in the introduction to her article that the hardships of the life, the exactions, and the terrible severity of the training are so well known that the merely mercenary or the silly, frivolous girl, who pictures herself in a becoming uniform, smoothing the fevered brow of pain, is deterred entirely, or else she falls by the wayside before her probation days are over.

Her story is illustrated by the experiences of a little Southern girl who underwent the training ordeal in a great Northern hospital and looked back on it as follows:

"From the day of my entrance until the end of my probation period I remember little but the fatigue, the utter and cruel exhaustion at the end of each day; the aching, blistered feet; the nagging of those over me in authority; the unceasing rush of work that was never done."

"Haunting my memory, during my weary time of imprisonment with hard labor, was that quaint negro chant, familiar to my childhood, an old negro hymn which the darkies used to sing in slavery days, its words poignant with suffering and weariness: 'I wish I wuz in Heben settin' down.'"

"At the end of my second year of service I became a senior and put on the distinctive uniform of that revered body. With the donning of this uniform my responsibilities increased with very little lessening of the daily drudgery."

## PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE AND ITS RELATION TO HUMANITY

Women certainly hear enough about progress and progressiveness to be interested in the real meaning of both. Max Nordau, in a book just published, has treated the question and its relation to humanity in a very convincing and comprehensible manner. In taking into account a real criterion of progress by the immediate advantage of inventions and discoveries, he discards the invincible attraction of the marvelous, inducing belief in fairy tales as to the lighting of the temples at Thebes with electric lights, or in the statues of the gods speaking to believers through phonographs.

Looking still further into the progress of knowledge from the standpoint of this author, a conclusion is arrived at that it is a mistake to try to interpret the meaning of progress by a comparison between ancient and modern works of art; that nothing can be proved by placing Homer above Dante, Tasso and Milton; Sophocles above Shakespeare and Schiller; Phidias above Michael Angelo, or Zeuxis above Raphael. Progress encroaches upon the sphere of imagination, clips the wings of Pegasus or contracts space for his flight.

The movement called progress tends always toward a goal, but this goal is material, not mystical. It is self-preservation. The effort of humanity in the acquisition of a more certain and comprehensive knowledge coincides with the underlying purpose of all life, which is a more perfect adaptation to natural conditions. The more thoroughly this purpose is carried out the

higher will be the valuation placed on personality, the greater the limitation of conditions bringing about a selfish domination of the stronger over the weaker. Through prehistoric and historic periods humanity has struggled, invented and discovered, to eventually obtain ease, safety and a greater share of pleasure. The founding of nations and states, the waging of wars and the framing of laws, have continually defined the object of knowledge to be securing to average humanity, by the assimilation of average and superior claims, the reward of labor, the enjoyment of the fruits of work.

Progress has always taken the same course in the history of humanity, in that it has gone forward through the widening and deepening of knowledge. The development of its civilization is due to exceptional humanity, the comparatively few possessed of unusual energy in the brain cells, and an discerning and inventive, representing greater harmony between the human species and its environment are their work. They are educators of humanity because the knowledge they acquire is bequeathed by them to succeeding generations. Into the extended circle of this knowledge youth is born, brought up and equipped for the struggle of existence with an implement such as youth could never have forged for itself.

The effects of progress are apparent, contradictory. It renders humanity more individual and independent on one hand, and unites it in a beneficial combination on the other, the two-fold effects being, however, only different aspects of progressive adaptation to conditions.

**Hygienic Skin Food.**  
One-half ounce of white wax.  
One-half ounce of spermaceti.  
One ounce of coconut oil.  
One ounce of lanolin.  
Two ounces of oil of sweet almonds.  
Melt in a porcelain kettle, remove from stove and add:  
One ounce of orange flower water.  
Three drops of tincture of benzoin.  
Beat briskly with an egg-beater until creamy.  
Wearing of the Green.  
For a St. Patrick luncheon party a pretty idea is to leave the table bare and have large doilies cut in the shape of three-leaved shamrocks, to put under the plates. These can be cut from white paper, and a smaller green one may be pasted to each white one, so that the green will show out clearly. A centerpiece of a toy harp, wound

with smilax and delicate white blossoms, would be very dainty, and was little pots of shamrock can make the cunning souvenirs at each plate.  
Another pretty centerpiece is made by having a large ornamental cake, placed upon a green plate and surrounded with imitation paper shamrocks. Larger shamrocks of green frosting can decorate the sides of the cake, and on top can be little clay pipes, filled with tiny pieces of joss sticks, which can be lighted just before the guests enter.

**Salad Dressing.**  
For a dressing over cabbage, potato, celery or any other salad that is whitish in color, use the vinegar in which beets have been pickled. I make the mayonnaise after the following recipe: One teaspoonful of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one pinch of dry mustard, mix all of above thoroughly (omit mustard if preferred); one tablespoonful of cream, add one egg, and whip in thoroughly one-quarter cup of vinegar. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly, and remember it will still go on cooking as long as in the hot vessel. After it is cold, if it is thicker than desired, it can be thinned with some of the vinegar or with cream. Remember the vinegar will make a stronger flavor and a darker color, while the cream will make both flavor and color more delicate. This dressing will not be that ugly, purplish beet color; the yellow of the egg counteracts the purple, and the dressing comes out a very pretty rose. I named the salad rose cabbage. The above recipe is just as good with ordinary vinegar.

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## Comfortable Dresses For the Worker

The woman who has a great deal of housework to do should be dressed loosely and comfortably during the morning hours, yet neat enough to meet the chance caller or to preside over her own table without a feeling of uneasiness. A wrapper is often considered desirable, as it does not require the addition of a collar or a belt, but it is seldom neat in appearance and is not easy to wash or iron. I find a two-piece dress best, and always make two waists for each skirt. The waists always become soiled sooner than the skirts, so I can wear both waists before the skirt needs laundering. This is economical in washing, ironing, and sewing, as well as in the purchase of material, as the three pieces answer every purpose of two wrappers or dresses.

Gingham or percale will make pretty and serviceable gowns. I make a plain gored skirt for ease in ironing, varying it to suit the style of the moment. For example, my latest skirts have eleven gores and a bias band at the bottom, where a few years ago they contained but five gores and were finished with a wide hem. The skirt should always clear the ground by a good margin, regardless of prevailing fashion. I make the waists in any simple way, with three-quarter length sleeves, and collar attached. At the waist, line they are finished with a band that buttons over the skirt band all round, with a belt sewed over to conceal the buttonings. This arrangement holds the two together as securely as a wrapper, while the effect is much more to be desired.

**Useful Sewing.**  
For the woman who does not embroider, nor do any particular kind of fancy work, and who does not like to use her fine bureau and sideboard surfaces constantly, the following plan is a good one: Take butcher's linen in any preferred weight and cut one inch smaller all round than your bureau or sideboard, hem like a napkin, and sew, on all four sides, the all-linen, machine-made lace which sells for 5 or 6 cents a yard. Do not fill the lace, but hold it in, as we say. These covers can be easily laundered, and seem to wear forever. They look neat and pretty and are always in good condition. In my twenty years of housekeeping nothing has ever served me for that purpose quite as well as these butcher's linen covers.

## Some Margarets of History and Literature

The daisy is so called from its pearly whiteness, Marguerite being the French for pearl, as indicated in the lines:

"The daisy, a flower white and redde,  
In French called 'la belle Marguerite'."

Following out the symbolism, Francis I. of France used to call Margherita di Valois, who married Henri IV. of Bourbons, afterward King Henri IV., "Marguerite des Marguerites," or "Pearl of Pearls." So it is that some Margarets, whose names have outlived their short day of tragedy or of joy, have been accounted as pearls among women, and, because pearls and tears are closely related, have doubtless shed their proportion of these during their stay upon earth. Certainly Margherita di Valois must have, for she was the daughter of Henri II. and the unspeakable Catherine de Medici, and it was during the coronation of her daughter's wedding to Henri that Catherine carried out her dreadful plan for the massacre of the French Huguenots. The poor young bride was at a ball while the massacre was going on.

Another Queen Margaret, this time the wife of King Henry VI. of England, ill-fated Margaret of Anjou, comes into mind. The image of her bereft of husband and son through the ruthlessness of Richard III., and condemned to eat her heart out at the court of her father, King Rene of Provence, is one of the saddest pictures on the page of history. Rene was a minstrel monarch, absorbed in the pleasures of the chase and the tourney, in poetry and music. To Margaret, burning with the sense of her unavenged wrongs, the frivolity of the life around her but aggravated her resentment against the impotence of a sex which forbade her to hand out measure for measure to those who had rendered her widowed and motherless.

Quite a different Margaret from the two preceding her was a gypsy queen, Margaret Finch, born at Kent, in England. She finally made her settled home in Norway and lived to great old age. From a habit of sitting with her chin on her knees, this Margaret lost the power of standing erect, and had to be buried in a square box. But she had a long reign, and doubtless went blithely to her rest when her time came.

A brave woman was Margaret Lamburn, who set out to avenge the death of her royal mistress, Mary, Queen of Scots, on Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose Margaret Lamburn wore men's clothes and carried two pistols, one for Queen Elizabeth and the other for herself. She nearly accomplished her purpose, but it was foiled by her dropping one of her pistols, being seized and immediately taken before Elizabeth. The Queen looked at Margaret, and seeing that she neither blanched nor faltered, asked: "How do you expect me to treat you?" Margaret answered steadily, "A judge would send me to the block, but you being what you are, and royal in your person, will doubtless pardon me." And so Elizabeth did.

Margaret, mother of Henry VII. of England, founded in 1502 a professorship of divinity in the University of Cambridge. The professor occupying this chair was known as Lady Margaret's professor. She also instituted a preaching in 1503, and the preacher was likewise called by her name. More warlike in her tastes was Margaret, Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, who bore in history the title of "The Northern Semiramis." A prosaic member of the Margaret group was Margaret Gibson or Patten, a famous Scotch cook in the palace of James I. She was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and attained a phenomenal age and fame in her art.

Sir Walter Scott celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" the charms of "Lady Margaret, the flower of Teviot," daughter of the Lord and Lady of Buccleuch of Halk. She it was for whose hand an English and a Scotch champion fought, and the victory remained with the Scotchman, to whom the "Lady Margaret's" hand was given in marriage.

As the name Margaret means pearl, Saint Margaret is the chosen type of female innocence and meekness. The Margaret who was canonized captivated Olybius, governor of Antioch, by her beauty. When he wanted to marry her, however, she recoiled at his scorn. He thereupon threw her into a dungeon, where the devil came to tempt her. She held up the cross and the devil fled. In paintings the saint is represented as a young woman of great beauty, wearing the martyr's crown and bearing the palm. She is the patron of the ancient borough of Lynn Regis, England, and on the corporation seal is represented as standing on a dragon and wounding it with the cross. The inscription on the seal is: "Lactia, Teritula Draco stat cruce Lactia."

### HOUSEKEEPER'S HINTS.

**Macaroni Fritters.**  
Take a cupful of boiled macaroni, allow four onions, boiled and chopped fine; six tablespoonfuls fine bread crumbs, three eggs, well beaten; salt and pepper to taste. Moisten the crumbs with a little cold water, but not enough to make them wet; then mix all the ingredients and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry brown. Serve with a cheese sauce made by adding half a cupful of grated cheese to two cupfuls of white sauce.

**Almonds and Rice.**  
Put one-half cupful of washed rice in salted, boiling water, enough to twice cover, and cook until the grains are full and tender. Then drain and add one cupful of almond meats, cut into very thin strips. Season with butter and cream, turn into a buttered baking dish, and stand in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Just before serving cover with grated cheese.

**Baked Custard.**  
The great secret in the production of a successful custard is in the baking— to have the oven just hot enough and to remove the custard from the oven at just the right moment, before it is sufficiently baked to separate the whey in the milk. Then to have exactly the right proportion in the ingredients is a very important matter, and this necessary good proportion may be found in the following recipe:  
One quart of milk, four beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavoring and a little salt. Bake slowly in individual cups in which it may be served; or, if one has ramekins, and seems to be better, set the cups in a pan of cool water and place all together in the oven to bake. If the water comes just a little above the top line of the custard on the inside it will prevent the burning of both cup and custard.

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